

# WORLD'S FAIR IS TOO LARGE Would Take a Month to See It All. Grounds Twice as Big as Columbian Exposition at Chicago.

So Enormous in Size and in Variety  
of Sights That It Makes  
the Eyes Tired.

Special to The Tribune.  
ST. LOUIS, June 19.—I have just  
finished one strenuous week. It is  
needless to say that I spent it at  
the World's Fair. If you want to  
get busy, go to the World's Fair. Bu-  
rden Field once wrote a poem on "See-  
ing Things at Night." You'll be seeing  
things day and night if you go to the  
exhibition, and you'll be lamenting for  
days and nights afterward that you  
didn't have time to see more things—  
for the things are there. You just sim-  
ply can't see all the things you want to  
see unless you spend a month or two  
at the fair.

I met a man inside the fair grounds  
who looked supremely disgusted. He  
was the expression of a person who  
has tried and tried again to accom-  
plish something, but failed to succeed.  
"What's the trouble?" I asked him.  
"Don't you like the fair?"  
"You bet I don't like it," he replied.  
"I'm sore on the whole shebang."  
"Isn't the exposition fine? Don't you  
like many things here of interest?"  
"Sure, but to interest anybody—mag-  
nificent buildings, beautiful grounds,  
exhibits, and all that; but still I'm  
disgusted."

Cause of His Disgust.  
I received the impression that here  
must be a most curious individual, and  
I resolved to investigate further.

"What is it you don't like? Don't you  
like the music by these famous bands?  
Do you object to the illuminations from  
half a million electric lamps? Is it the  
daily, almost hourly military parades  
that disgust you? Don't you fancy  
these big attractions?"  
"Oh, of course I like all those things.  
Who wouldn't? They're great; but still  
I'm disgusted with the fair as a whole."

"My dear good man," I asked, in de-  
spair, "what feature of the exposition  
is it that so greatly displeases you?"  
"Its size," he replied; "it's the con-  
founded biggest thing I ever saw,  
heard of or dreamed of, and I'm sore  
because I can't see all of it. Every time  
I think of the fact that I've got to go  
home tonight, after being here only two  
weeks, I get disgusted. Why I've only  
asked into one corner of the World's  
Fair, and all the rest I've got to miss.  
Wouldn't that disgust you? Don't you  
fancy these big attractions?"

From the card which the disgusted  
gentleman handed me I discovered him  
to be a member of the American Press  
Humorists, who held a convention at  
the World's Fair the first week in June.  
Though he was having a little joke,  
he meant it, and he merely expressed  
in his own way the disappointment of  
thousands who find that in the limited  
time at their disposal they are unable  
to see much of the fair as they would  
like, because of its unprecedented and  
unexpected immensity of size.

The Largest Ever Created.  
Gradually but surely it is being im-  
pressed upon the public consciousness  
that this exposition is all that its build-  
ers and managers have claimed for it,  
and more, namely, by far the largest,  
most comprehensive and most interest-  
ing enterprise of its kind ever created.

Every day during my stay at the fair  
I have met persons from afar off who  
simply had to sit down and gasp at  
the hugeness of the exposition.  
"My," exclaimed an elderly woman  
from Milwaukee, "but ain't it awful!"  
"What's awful?" her husband asked.  
"I just never saw anything like it,"  
the woman continued, "I just com-  
pletely stuns me; I'm dazed and bewil-  
dered."

Knowing that the pleasant June  
weather was too cool to give the Wis-  
consin woman a sunstroke, I was at a  
loss to know what it was that dazed  
and bewildered her, and was so awful.  
All that. Though it was none of  
my business, I lingered conveniently  
near, just to hear what she meant by  
her superlative expression.

"I'll never get over it—never!" she  
exclaimed. "I know Sarah won't be-  
lieve it when I tell her, and Uncle Jim  
will accuse me of boasting about what  
I've seen, just because he couldn't  
come. But I don't care; it's just the  
biggest thing I ever saw. Why, I was  
at Chicago in '93—year before we were  
married, you know—and that fair was  
the biggest thing that ever could hap-  
pen, I thought; but this St. Louis Ex-  
position just completely eclipses Chicago.  
I'll never get over it—never!"

Could Have Saved Money.  
Sad incidents like this are frequent  
inside the World's Fair grounds. There  
are so many persons who come here  
prepared for a Pan-American Ex-  
position and find twenty Pan-American  
miles into one that the very atmo-  
sphere presents a sort of dizzy apparition  
of open-mouthed expressions of  
astonishment. The Louisiana  
Purchase monument today I was ac-  
cused by a stranger who inquired  
which of the buildings in sight was the  
biggest of architecture.

"You can't see it from here," I told  
him; "it is on a hill west of here about  
a mile."

"How?" he gasped.  
"About a mile west," I repeated.  
"The lower jaw dropped like a  
hinge. He stood open-mouthed for full  
a minute, staring. Then he asked:  
"Say, mister, how far west does this  
lower jaw run? Why, I'm from Kan-  
sas, and it'd be 'knewed that the show  
run clean out to the Kansas line I'd  
stepped in Fort Scott with my son a  
mile instead of puttin' up at the In-  
side another Westerner, a farmer

from Oklahoma, where land areas are  
measured by sections and quarter sec-  
tions, accented me in the Sunken Gar-  
den near the foot of one of those as-  
piring Egyptian obelisks that stand in  
front of the palace of mines and metal-  
lurgy.

"What's that thing?" he inquired.  
"Cleopatra's needle," I told him, just  
for the fun of it.  
"A needle, hey? Well, I'm not sur-  
prised, for a needle to fit into this here  
World's Fair would have to be just  
about the size of that thing. How many  
quarter sections would these grounds  
divide up into?"

"How much is a quarter section?" I  
asked, though I knew already.  
"Fundred and sixty acres—bet you're  
from Boston."

Two Square Miles in Area.  
"This World's Fair lacks forty acres  
of containing eight quarter sections of  
land," I informed the Oklahoman, and  
left him to figure up the acreage for  
himself. Being familiar with the gov-  
ernment measurements, the farmer  
quickly reached the correct conclusion  
that in this exposition is embraced an  
area of two square miles, less a mere  
bit of forty acres—and for that mat-  
ter there is enough underground area  
in the big mining gulch to make up for  
the missing forty.

Just to satisfy my own curiosity I  
went up to the administration building  
of the fair beyond the fine group of for-  
eign government pavilions, and made  
some inquiries as to the comparative  
sizes of several recent expositions. Here  
is what I discovered:  
The Columbian Exposition at Chicago  
covered 633 acres; that at Paris in 1900,  
336 acres; the Pan-American at Bosto-  
n, 300 acres; the Centennial at Phila-  
delphia, 236 acres; the Trans-Mississi-  
ppi at Omaha, 159 acres; and—  
The Louisiana Purchase Exposition of  
1894 at St. Louis covers 1294 acres. Add  
'em up for yourself. The St. Louis  
show has twice the area of Chicago's,  
nearly four times the area of the last  
Paris Exposition, more than five times  
the area of the Philadelphia Centennial.  
Furthermore, I learned that in floor  
space for exhibits the St. Louis Ex-  
position is more than ten times the size  
of the Pan-American, and more than  
twenty times the size of the expositions  
at Omaha, Nashville, Atlanta, San  
Francisco or Charleston.

Too Much for the Money.  
These figures startled me. At first I  
felt dazed. I thought of that sixty-foot  
high statue of Vulcan in the palace of  
mines and metallurgy, and of the an-  
cient Goliath, and of prehistoric mam-  
moths and mastodons and megatheri-  
ums and so forth, to find something  
worthy of comparison. Then I was  
conscience-stricken. It occurred to me,  
quite suddenly, that I was getting too  
much for my money.  
Like the disgusted stranger of whom  
I have told, the humorous gentleman I  
felt that the fair was too big—for the  
price of admission; and if it hadn't  
been after 6 o'clock p. m. I should have  
gone straight to the office of the direc-  
tor of admissions, or whatever they call  
it, and paid him at least six-hits a day  
(in Missouri that means 75 cents) for  
the time I have spent here. It's worth  
it, of anybody's money.

But speaking of the price of admis-  
sion, 50 cents, I want to tell you what  
I met the other day at the Lindell bou-  
levard entrance to the World's Fair the  
meanest man of whom I know. He was  
standing just outside the gates argu-  
ing with one of the gatekeepers.  
"I want my money back," he said;  
"that is, 99 per cent of it."  
"On what grounds?" asked the gate-  
man.  
"On the best of grounds," was the  
reply. "I've been to see this here fair  
for two days, and it cost me 50  
cents admissions. You folks owe me  
\$5.40."

Paid to See It All and Didn't.  
"What asylum did you break out of?"  
asked the gatekeeper, disgustedly. "This  
exposition owes you nothing. Didn't  
you get your money's worth?"  
"That's not the thing," said the mean-  
est man on record. "It's just this way:  
I've been here two weeks and seen only  
about one-tenth of the fair, and I paid  
to see it all. The thing is so all-fired  
big that I've missed nine-tenths of the  
sights and if you don't gimme back  
\$5.40 I'll sue the company."

Well, after all, there are compensa-  
tions in this life. I enjoyed that little  
tilt with the gatekeeper, and when I came  
back to my lodging tonight—for which  
I pay six cents in Missouri currency—  
after eating a square meal at the corner  
restaurant for 30 cents, it occurred to  
me that the second meanest man on  
earth is the one who wrote a newspa-  
per article about six weeks ago and  
sent it broadcast over the country, stat-  
ing that you couldn't live in St. Louis  
for less than \$7 a day, and that it cost  
you 10 cents a second to breathe the air  
inside the World's Fair grounds.

My trouble has been that I have not  
found an opportunity to spend enough  
of the small fortune that I laid in to  
meet those imaginary high charges.  
There are so many free things to see,  
and the Pike shows charge such small  
admissions, that I think I'll stay a  
month longer and try to prevent my  
friends, when I get home, from looking  
upon me as a Croesus or expecting me  
to donate the town a Carnegie library or  
a home for superannuated heroes.

## Found His Heart on Wrong Side

Queer Discovery of Physicians in  
Examining Brooklyn Man  
With X-Ray.

NEW YORK, June 19.—Rufus Smith of  
735 Herkimer street, Brooklyn, was  
walking along Bushwick avenue on  
Friday afternoon when he was  
stricken with intense pain in the left side,  
and sank helpless. He was taken into a  
drug store, whence, after a rest, he  
walked to St. Catherine's hospital, and  
asked that he be permitted to remain a  
few minutes, as he feared he would not be  
able to reach his home.

Dr. Karl D. Wood, the house physician,  
found he was in a high fever, and ad-  
vised him to remain at the hospital for a  
day or two. Noticing that Smith's chest  
was swollen, Dr. Wood called in the  
members of the hospital staff. The doc-  
tors stippled the chest, but were un-  
able to find out what was wrong.  
Smith was taken to the X-ray ward  
and examined. It was found that his  
heart was almost under his right  
armpit. Where the heart should be was  
found what the doctors say is a tumor or  
cancer.

Smith, the doctors say, will be out in a  
few weeks. Many doctors who were op-  
erated of the interesting discovery visited  
the hospital to see the patient and to note  
the action of a heart in such an ex-  
traordinary place.

## Gives \$10,000 to Have Horses Killed

Strange Bequest of a Pennsylvania  
Farmer to Society for Prevention  
of Cruelty to Animals.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., June 19.—A  
peculiar feature of the will of  
John L. Devereux, a retired  
farmer, who left \$300,000 for  
charitable purposes, is the clause be-  
queathing \$10,000 to the Pennsylvania  
Society for the Prevention of Cruelty  
to Animals, with the request that his  
three horses and two dogs be killed in  
the most humane manner.

In speaking of the bequest today M.  
V. B. Davis, secretary of the society,  
said:  
"It is a mistake to suppose that be-  
quests of a similar kind have not been  
made to the society. Though Mr.  
Devereux's bequest is unique in that it  
comes with a munificent gift to the so-  
ciety of \$10,000. The killing of the horses  
will be made under the direct super-  
vision of the society, and they will be  
made to suffer as little as possible."

"A professional horse killer will be  
employed, who will take a small three-  
cornered knife and pierce the spinal  
column of the horses near the neck,  
causing them to die instantly. We pre-  
fer this to shooting, because frequently  
when a horse is shot life does not leave  
the body for several minutes. The dogs  
will be shot, as this is the best way of  
doing away with them.

"The killing of these animals is not  
cruel. They might fall into the hands  
of men who would treat them unkindly,  
and it is precisely to guard against this  
evil that Mr. Devereux wished them to  
be killed."

G. A. R. EXCURSION  
To Park City, June 21.

Fare \$1.50 for the round trip. Special  
train leaves Salt Lake 8:30 a. m. Re-  
turning leaves Park City 9:20 p. m. Ev-  
erybody invited. A good chance to visit  
the mines and take an outing with the  
veterans.

Hot Race for Dead  
Woman's Property

Half Brothers Rush to Court in Hope  
of Filing Deed to Real Es-  
tate First.

WATERBURY, Conn., June 19.—Re-  
fore Mrs. George Griley of Wa-  
terbury died she gave to each of  
her two sons, William F. Griley  
and Homer F. Atkins a deed to her real  
estate in this city.  
Each half-brother claimed priority of  
deed over the other, and bitter feuding  
resulted, but the question was never set-  
tled until Mrs. Griley's will was  
admitted to probate. When Mrs. Griley  
died William Griley was in New Haven.  
He heard the news over the telephone  
and came back to Waterbury as fast as  
a railroad train and an automobile, which  
he chartered at Ansonia, could bring him,  
determined to have his deed recorded  
first. When the big automobile pulled up  
in front of Town Clerk Blair's office,  
Brother Homer Atkins was sitting on the  
steps.

"You're a little late, brother," he said.  
"I got here on my bicycle a few minutes  
ago." Brother William Griley hustled to an  
attorney's office and started a lawsuit.  
Deputy Judge Peaslee, who heard the  
case, declined to admit evidence from rel-  
atives, neighbors and servants. Yester-  
day he handed down a decision holding  
that William Griley's deed had been  
drawn first, and that consequently he was  
the owner of the land.  
"Damn it!" exclaimed Brother Atkins, "I  
had all that hustle for nothing."

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turn limit of fifteen days. Drawing-  
room sleeping car leaves St. Louis 12:45  
noon, daily, arrives Petoskey 9:30 a. m.,  
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Springs, Bay View, Roussell, Brook-  
haven. Address inquiries to Geo. T.  
Hull, District Agent, Denver, Colo., or  
J. M. Chesbrough, Assistant General  
Passenger Agent, St. Louis, Mo.

Goobar eating contest at Saltair June  
24th. Elders' reunion.

UNITED STATES RUNS  
MINT AT WORLD'S FAIR

Special to The Tribune.  
ST. LOUIS, June 19.—The Government is  
tireless in its efforts to add to the in-  
teresting attractions of the World's fair,  
structural attractions being represented by  
exhaustive exhibits. In the Treasury de-  
partment's display a mint is in full op-  
eration, turning out coins at a rapid rate.  
The various features of the intricate pro-  
cess of turning bullion into coin are shown  
in every detail, under the direction of  
treasury officials. Stamped medals and  
commemorative coins also are turned out at  
this World's fair mint, which is one of the  
interesting sights at the fair.

Elders' excursion to Saltair June 24th.  
A royal time for all.

Woman's Life Saved by Her Fat.  
CHICAGO, June 19.—Mrs. Ada Pow-  
ers, sitting at a window of her home,  
224 Hudson avenue, Brooklyn, reached  
out to get a pail that was hanging  
under the window, lost her balance, fell  
on an extension, rolled over and top-  
pled to the ground, a distance of twenty-  
feet.

Everybody in the house heard her  
screams and rushed out expecting to  
find her dead, but were amazed to see  
Mrs. Powers get up and brush off the  
dirt on her clothing. Her amplitude of  
flesh—she weighs more than 200 pounds  
—had saved her from injury.



We can hear the praise of our  
clothing without placing our  
ear to the ground. The ap-  
proval of our magnificent array  
of patterns—the set of the col-  
lar—the broad shoulder effect—  
and the remarks at the lowness  
of our prices.

Suits, \$7.50 to \$30.



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ney or stomach  
troubles I will  
give the use of  
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most cases. If  
it fails to cure  
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deposit. Price  
\$5.00. Beware of imita-  
tions. The genuine Dr. Sander's Belt can  
only be had at my establishment as be-  
cause Standard for forty years. Call to-  
day and take a belt along or write for one  
and my two books, sealed, free.

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tickets reading over the Pennsylvania  
lines when going to Columbus. For  
further information address Geo. T.  
Hull, D. A., Penn. Lines, Denver, Colo.

COURT CALENDAR.  
Cases Set for Today.

DISTRICT COURT.  
Division No. 1—Judge Hall.  
Hurley vs. McQuarrie.  
Division No. 2—Judge Stewart.  
Larkin vs. Saltair Beach com-  
pany.  
Division No. 3—Judge Morse.  
State vs. Orson Hudson.  
Division No. 4—Judge Lewis.  
Blake vs. Farrell.  
CITY COURT.  
Civil Division—Judge Tanner.  
Evans vs. Parry.  
Treadwell vs. Evans.  
Tarranton vs. Moore; demurrer.  
Snow vs. Wilkes.

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world says so, and when the  
Steinway goes home you will  
know why better every day.

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Ball's Best Quarts, 65c per dozen.  
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that should interest you are how well he  
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